Under Fire

By RICHARD PARKER

Based on the drama of ROI COOPER MEGRUE

Author of "Under Cover" and co-author of "It Pays to Advertise"

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SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her sinply to learn naval secrets. The Eurapean war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England. Captain Redmond, Ethel and Charlie Brown turn up at a Belgian inn as the German army comes.

Here is a big opportunity for Charlie Brown, the New York newspaper correspondent, to show either a world of good sense or a state of mind bordering on insanity. The problem is up to him-whether he will stick by his friends, no matter what occurs, or consider the safety of his own person. There is a big thrill in this installment. It describes the meeting and planning of spies.

CHAPTER XII-Continued.

Ethel consented to the arrangement. She was immensely relieved that the couldn't stand him either-he's an awquick-witted journalist so readily accepted her allas.

"Good, good!" their delighted host Germana exclaimed. "Sweet consomme, eh? Boiled chicken, an artichoke, a bit d salad, and some coffee-real Americ coffee, without chicory, eh, m'sie He was already edging - word door that

his pr fores

er perpetu... ories of his two guest 'Great! Sounds Brown rejoined with (

"Yes, m'sieu—immense! your good American word. shall serve such a dinner as the La d'Or never has seen before!" And Henri disappeared in high spirits. After the depressing duliness of the past weeks it was indeed exhibarating much of human nature, that I km to minister to two appreciative patrons.

By the time Christophe had vanished Ethel Willoughby had quite recovered her self-possession. And when Charlie Brown turned to her with a look of inquiry upon his face she was ready to meet his scrutiny with a stout heart.

"You seem surprised-and quite naturally," she said, "at hearing that man call me Madame de Lorde."

"Well, that afternoon I knew you as Miss Willoughby," he replied. "But I was then Madame de Lorde," Ethel explained glibly. "You see, Mr.

Brown, I'd been sparried secrety." "Secretly?"

"There were reacons—good reasons," she rejoined. "I could not explain what they were then; nor can I now."

"Surely-surely!" he acquiesced, for he had not the slightest desire to pry into her private affairs. "But what on earth are you doing in this deadand-alive spot?" And then, in the next breath, he exclaimed, as a sudden inspiration came to him, "Oh, by George! How dull of me! You're honeymooning, of course!"

"Not exactly!" Ethel replied, just a bit lamely, perhaps, "My husband isn't here-just now. He had some business in Brussels, but I came on ahead."

She had, indeed, left Streetman in the Belgian capital. "Shall you be staying long?" she asked Mr. Brown. "No! I'm off in the morning," he

informed ber. The information relieved her vastly. She had not relished the thought of Monsleur de Lorde was no other than his erstwhile acquaintance of the tea party-Henry Streetman. But as a spy in his majesty's service, Ethel took

as easily to subterfuge as a duck to water. She surprised herself often by the readiness with which plausible tales sprang to her itps. "Oh! Then you won't be able to meet Monsieur de Lorde," she said

with a note of regret. "I don't expect him till tomorrow." Charlie Brown murmured his regret

at that circumstance.

"But what are you doing here?" Ethel asked him then. "Perhaps you've a secret in your past too?" she added gayly.

But Mr. Brown could lay claim to no such romantic excuse.

"Oh, I came over looking for a war," he explained.

'And you haven't found it?"

"Nothing like it at all!" he replied. "The day after I saw you I got a straight tip to beat it for Belgium. I bought you one-and-a-half cylinder 1846 bicycle, and I've pedaled away for three days, till I feel all legs and back. My right name, this minute, is George W. Achewell!" And Charlie Brown sat down by the table upon which Madame de Lorde was resting her trim elbow.

"Mr. Brown," Ethel said, "you're not English. I am; but you are an Anglo-Saxon, and you must sympathize with the allies."

"Sure I do!" was his prompt re-

"Then, whatever happens while you're here," she continued with an air of great earnestness, "whatever happens, I want you to remember that I am English, and that it is England I serve always. . . . You will believe

"Oh, of course I will!" he assured her. And immediately a thought came into Charlie Brown's head that made him start. "And by the way," he said, while I think of it, I want to warn you about that chap I met at tea at your place. Streetman, he called himself. You remember him?"

To hide her confusion Ethel rose and moved a few steps away from the table.

"Yes, I remember him very well," she answered.

"I happened that night to get some dope on him," Charlie went on, in entire innocence of the effect his words had upon her. "He's what you might call a professional spy-working for the German secret service now. That's why he stuck up for them that afternoon; but really he's a Russian."

"A Russian!" Ethel exclaimed, startled, in spite of herself, by that surprising news.

"Yes," he continued. "He got kicked out of Russia ten years ago for some dirty business. Then he worked for the English against the Boers. They ful rotter. I don't know much about him after that. Now he's with the You

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been on the sen to make in ve viewed so many peop... pretty well when to print a story and when to kill it—and I'll go through for you any way you want me to."

Ethel turned to him impulsively, gratefully.

"Thank you-you're a dear!" she

told him. And at that moment the French spy

-he of the newspaper-returned And, paying scant heed, apparently, to Ethel and her companion, he sat down at a table. lighted another cigarette, and resumed his in ent reading

once more As soon as he caught aight of the stranger Charlie Brown without Ethel with a quick "Ssh!"

"It must be nearly time for donner, Madame de Lorde remarked carelessly, as if their conversation bore only upon trivial matters.

"That's so. And if we're going to dine together I think I'll go wash upor the folks will think I belong here," Mr. Brown said, glancing down at the wreck of his once immaculate new English suit. "Oh, I almost forgot my vanity bag!" he exclaimed. And he retrieved his paper parcel from the table where he had dropped it. Then he went joyfully to his room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Der Tag.

Meanwhile Ethel Willoughby, alias Madame de Lorde, strolled almlessly to the cigar counter and leaned negligently against it. Her feelings were decidedly mixed-compounded of pleasure and uneasiness. As it turned out, she found it agreeable to meet Mr. Brown. It was a distinct relief to be having to confess to the American that able to talk to someone against whom she was under no necessity of being on her guard. But at the same time, a matter of business had brought her to Courvoisier, and the inn. To be sure, Streetman expected to join her there later. But in the meantime Ethel expected to meet someone else first. Who that person might be she did not know, except that the unknown was a spy in the service of the French.

No sooner did he find himself alone with Ethel than the little Frenchman dropped his paper.

"Bonjour, madame!" he said.

"I beg your pardon!" Ethel said. "Do not look around-stay where

you are!" the stranger told her crisply. All at once it occurred to her that this somewhat inferior-looking individual might be he whom she sought. But she could not be sure. And she resolved to bide her time.

"Really, sir," she said, with assumed hauteur, "I beg you to explain this mystery-this-"

"Mystery-" he took the word out of her mouth-"shall we say rather the mystery of General Jacques," he

corrected her politely. "Oh, you are-" "A friend of France! . . . And

your password?" He waited for her to supply the mystic word. "Courvoisier!" she said in a low

voice. "Good!" he exclaimed with satisfaction. "The other day to General Jacques at the fort you offered your services for France," he ventured.

"Yes!" "He wishes now to take advantage

of your offer." "I am ready," she answered quietly. He proceeded swiftly to the business in hand.

"The Germans will be here tonight. and here the road forks, one turn to the right, the other to the left-you know?"

"It is important, the general says. that he should know which road the Germans take-whence comes the attack. . . You are to inform him by telephone."

"But they will cut the wires," Ethel objected.

"All that they can find," he agreed. But last night, while the others slept, we have strung a wire from the fort to-that chimney!" By the merest nod he indicated the huge fireplace that projected into the room.

"Here?" she exclaimed. He bowed.

"I have beneath my coat a telephone," he continued hurriedly. "If madame will be good enough to change places with me and keep watch, while I connect the instrument, the affair will be simple."

"Of course!" Ethel responded. The Frenchman stole to the fireplace and crept inside the wide opening.

And while his head and shoulders vanished momentarily up the chimney ne busied himself with his work of attaching the instrument to the dangling wire within.

"All is well?" he called in a low ice, as his deft fingers twisted the of the wire.

In order that ice.

And he naw to take his departure when a sudden halt. "Now may I ask ou are Madame de Lorde?" he inquired his quaint English.

"Yes!" "Now it is perhaps best that you be told," he continued. "Refore you came gentleman in the service of your country, a gentleman who met you in Brussels—he ask for you." Ether started at his announcement.

And she drew nearer to him. "Captain Redmond!" she exclaimed

In a low voice. "Ssh-ssh-mame!" he wirned her. ne," he whispered.

le could not wait. He must return to his work," he enlightened her. "But what was he doing here?" she demandei in alarm.

The liftle Frenchman waved her to a nearby chair. "Not so close, madame!" he begged.

She sat down obediently. "What was he doing here?" she asked.

"He came to arrange about the telephone," the fellow told her. "It is his plan."

"His plan! Then he will come back-" "He tould not be certain, madame."

"But he's alive, and well-" She could hardly wait for his answer. "Yes madame, quite so." "Oh! hank God!" Ethel murmured.

in a tone of vast thankfulness. Her fellow-spy smiled at that-a happy smile.

"I am glad I have told you," he sald. "I had thought perhaps it was an affair of the heart. He had the look. . . . And now, madame, for what you will do permit me to thank store for him.

you. It is for France." "And for Larry!" Ethel murmured softly.

It was Fthel's turn to warn him then. For a door opened. Christophe had returned. "Good day, m'sieu!" the little man

said cheerfully. And he departed. "Ah, madame! Dinner is ready!" Christophe announced to Ethel. "And where is the American gentleman?"

"I fancy he will be here directly." she told him.

"Ah, good, good! But we must not spoil the chicken," he said. He had taken especial pains with that chick

en, and he wished it to be served at just the proper moment. "I say!" Mr. Brown exclaimed. "I just happened to glance out of my win

dow. What's going on over there?" "Why, nothing, m'sieu!" his host replied happily. "And your dinner is ready. It is delicious, I promise you."

Curiously enough, Mr. Brown's interest in dinner had suddenly abated "But something is happening! Look for yourself!" he urged.

Henri Christophe went to the door and gazed down the village street. And while he stood there, looking through the shimmering heat-waves that flickered above the cobblestones. Charlie Brown took another survey of the commotion he had witnessed

from his room. "Yes, yes, m'sleu-you are right!" Christophe exclaimed presently. "There is a cloud of dust and people are rupning down that road; some are coming this way." . . . He turned away from the door. And upon his broad face there was an expression akin to bewilderment. "What can it mean,

m'sieu?" he asked. "It's the Germans!" Charlie cried in

great excitement. "Oh!" Despite the tight rein she tried to keep on herself, that one low cry would come leaping () Ethel's

lips. Half fearful, half incredulous, Henri Christophe stood stock still and gazed stupidly at the American.

"That I cannot believe!" he said at last. But in a moment more he had to believe it. Even little Jeanns knew it. She came flying into the room and flung herself into her father's arms.

"Mon pere, mon pere! The Germans are coming!" she cried in terror. Her father looked down at her ten-

derly. "There, there! Do not cry!" Christophe said, trying as best he could to calm her fears. "They will not hurt

you or me." As for Charlie Brown-he promptly forgot all personal considerations. He became at once the newspaper man. the news-gathering machine.

"The Germans are coming! And I'm in the thick of it! God, what a story!" he exclaimed. It was what he had dreamed of.

Henri Christophe put his daughter away from him, as an uneasy thought crept over him

"Go to your room, Jeanne, and stay there till I call you," he said gently. your printing mil A confused murmur, as of many es shouting in the distance, penethoses on the best school that still room where they wait-1 d with every moment that

grew louder. 's post in the window Char

eheld a column an of people he ro ad. They were still e off. But even through ne could see that it was a 'e of frightened people, men, womchildren.

"Where are they from, my friend?" Charlie asked his startled host.

"They come from many miles away. think m'sieu," he answered. anow everyone in this neighborhood; and thee are strangers to me."

"Heg they come!" the American said excitedly, as the vanguard of the rabble poured up the street almost to the place where he waited and watched. "You'd better go to your room, Madame de Lorde," he told Ethel.

"Yes, perhaps I be 1," one admitted. But she still lingered, fascinated by the contagious fear that impelled those peasants onward. A man, disheveled, wild-eyed, thrust his head in at the door of the Lion d'Or.

"The Germans are coming!" he warned them. "You'd better get outthey're coming this way!" he repeated breathlessly. It was plain that he had run far. And immediately he started on again. But Charlie Brown called to him.

"Wait a minute!" "You are sure?" Christophe interposed.

The man came inside then. "Sure! Sure! They're not a mile ahead!" he gasped between great sobtike breaths. And already Christophe's neighbors crowded through the doorway and peered curiously at the fellow. "They came through our town-I saw 'em-I-I, Andre Lemaire. . . I saw 'em-all graylike-millions of 'em-and they're still coming! There's

no end to them!" "But we have done nothing. They will not hurt us," the innkeeper told him innocently.

The man turned his piteous eyes upon Christophe - upon Christophe, who had not yet learned what was in

Does it occur to you that Madame De Lorde may be discovered as a spy by the Germans the first time she tries to make a move? There is a fine piece of graphic descriptive work in the next installment."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL

the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.) (Copyright, 1916. Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 8

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

LESSON TEXT-Acts 24. GOLDEN TEXT-Herein I also exercise myself to have a conscience void of offense toward God and men always.-Acts

This is a court scene, and it might be well with certain classes to introduce the lesson by describing such a gathering. The lesson occurred five days after the last lesson, and twelve days after Paul reached Jerusalem bearing the collection for the poon The place, Caesarea, was the Roman capital of Judea.

I. The Prisoner's Examination (vv. 1-9). In addition to the Roman governor, Felix, attired in his gorgeous official regalia, on a platform nearby, were the high priest of the Jews, in his highly colored and jeweled robes, the lawyer, Tertullus, in his Roman toga, and the elders of the Sanhedrin who had come down from Jerusalem to be witnesses against Paul. Of Tertullus it was said that, by his persuasive tongue, he could make white seem black, and could therefore more easily make it appear that Paul was "a danger to the Roman power, and not merely a turbulent and renegade Jew." The judge, Felix, was an exceptionally bad governor, who two years later was recalled by Nero to Rome. The inference of verse two is that Paul was an inciter of rebellion and robberies, but the exact charges were three-fold: (See vv. 5-6) (a) that Paul was a mover of insurrection; (b) that he was a ringleader of a sect of Nazarenes who were causing trouble in the province: and (c) that he had profaned the Jewish temple at Jerusalem. The charge of insurrection would be especially obnoxious to Felix who had just been praised for keeping peace in his dominion. That of being a leader of heresy was not serious, for the Romans had no desire to interfere between one Jewish sect and another, but it led to the last one, viz., profaning the temple. The Romans had legalized the Jewish ritual, and for Paul to profane

the holy place work Je a serious out rage. The week of Tertullus' can s that he produced no evidence to support his charges. The accusers

were there, but they had no witnesses.

11. The Prisoner's Defense (vv. 10-21).

Paul cheerfully made his defense, for

he knew the Jews and their customs,

and that Felix had married a Jewess, (v. 24). We might consider this defense first negatively and then positive ly. On the negative side, Paul answers each charge seriatim. In the first place there had not been time for him to cause an insurrection (v. 11). Going back over these days; (1) his arrival in Jerusalem (21:15); (2) his appearance before James (21:18); (3, 4, 5 and 6), the days of his vow (Ch. 21:26, 27); (7) his arrest; (8) his appearance before the Sanhedrin; (9) the conspiracy and his deliverance; (10, 11, 12 and 13) in Guesarea (See Ch. 24:1). Paul's statement showed that the whole story of his experience was fresh in the memories of both friends and foes. It was the Jews who did the stirring up. Paul answers the second charge acknowledging (vv. 14-16) that he b longed to the Christian way of such tion, but denied that this heres Paul was a true Jew and a g Pharisee, for (1) he worshiped same God (v. 14); (2) he believe the Jewish law and prophets, them he knew Le could prove Jesus was the Messiah. (3) He al with the Pharisees (v. 15) in hop ward God, a resurrection from dead and immortal life. Paul's life "void of offense" toward God in and worship, and toward men as a in good deeds. It was for this that he exercised himself. Literally, he work upon the raw material, disciplini and training it. Paul answers the thi charge by a simple denial that it h actually taken place, and calls for nesses. Positively, Paul explains t he had followed the God of his fathers that he believed in fulfilled propher literally the resurrection of Jesus the dead-that he came to Jerusal with alms for the poor, and, as bet the council, he stands upon his tegrity.

III. The Judge's Delay (vv. 23) Felix had a "more perfect kne of that way." We believe he cured this knowledge from Philip evangelist, and from Corneilus, the man centurion, both of whom live Caesarea. By deferring his de Felix avoided an outrageous in to Paul, and at the same time serious offense to the troubl Jews who knew of his evil o